

**boy i know that we could be more than just friends
(but you're scared) by TayMarsh23**

Category: It

Genre: Horror, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Bill D., Eddie K., Richie T.

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Summary: Based off Eddie's idea of sex. Three-shot! (Rating changed for dialogue, but NO explicit scenes!)

1. Chapter 1

Based off Eddie's idea of sex.

Eddie finished his explanation, slightly out of breath from talking for so long. He frowned in confusion at the looks on Bill and Richie's faces. It was an embarrassing mixture of shock and amusement.

"What?" Eddie said defensively, squirming under their gazes.

Richie closed his mouth, that was slightly agaped, and looked over at Bill.

"Bill you wanna-" Richie started until Bill interrupted him with a 'Nope', shaking his head with a smirk. "Yeah Eds. That sure is how it works." Richie said, barley concealing the laughter in his voice and patted him in the shoulder.

Irritation flowed through Eddie as he shrugged Richie's hand from his shoulder.

"Get off me Richie! What's so funny?" he asked, his voice coming out more shrill rather than demanding as he hoped.

"Nothing Eds. You're just so garsh darn cute!" Richie said in a Minnesotan accent, leaning over to squeeze Eddie's prepubescent cheeks.

The gesture only made Eddie angrier and he shoved Richie off him, causing him to fall over onto the ground. That was when Richie finally lost it, quaking with laughter. Bill could no longer hold in his own laughter and let out a few chuckles, mostly laughing at Richie's laugh.

Eddie felt a wave of shame flow over him, making his skin itch and flush. He hoped the ground would swallow him whole, but instead he hopped to his feet and started to storm away.

"Eddie come on." Bill said, laughter dying.

"Yeah Eds. We was only jokin is awll!" Richie said doing one of the

Stooges.

Richie reached out and quickly grabbed at Eddie's ankle. Eddie's felt his heart beat faster and harder, Richie was gone. The hand grasping his jean clad ankle was a sickly yellow, the skin flaking and peeling with the tips where the fingernails once were a bright red. The hand squeezed Eddie's ankle tighter

(I'll do it for a dime!)

and Eddie didn't dare look it in the face.

"Get off get off! Stop calling me Eds and get off!" Eddie screamed, violently shaking his ankle until the hand released. He fell back onto the grass and scrambled back.

"Eddie?" a gentle voice asked and Eddie dared look up. Richie and Bill were staring at him, laughter ceased and wide smiles were replaced with concern. Eddie's eyes moved frantically between the two to his ankle. His chest rose rapidly and he realized that the air was thin, too thin and he felt as if the world was resting on his lungs. He quickly reached into his pocket for his inhaler, only to realize that it was not there. Eddie breath came fast as he rapidly looked around.

"Where's his inhaler? Fuck Eddie man I'm sorry! I-shit!" Richie said quickly, looking around.

"It's right here!" Bill yelled, snatching the inhaler off the ground from where Eddie was sitting and tossed it to Richie. Richie didn't bother to wipe the the inhaler off and shoved it into Eddie's mouth. Eddie inhaled as Richie activated the plunger and he immediately started to breathe easier, vaguely aware of Rich rubbing his back.

After a few minutes Eddie's heartbeat was normal as was his breathing and Eddie was now more aware of Richie's touch, the sensation too nice and comforting.

"You okay Eddie?" Bill asked, eyes scanning Eddie's face. Eddie hugged his knees and nodded a few times before bursting into tears. Eddie's body shook and quaked as Bill and Eddie's did which seemed so long ago. His tears flowed quickly, soaking the knees of his jeans,

and a gross trail of snot was rapidly reaching his mouth.

"Eddie come on man. What's got you atwitter ol boy ol pal?" Richie asked in one of his stupid voices and somehow Eddie was able to smile despite his tears, thinking cynically that he was one more emotion away from a bed at Juniper Hill. After Richie told some more terrible voices, Eddie calmed down.

"Eddie do you wanna..." Bill trailed off. "Talk?"

Eddie knew for sure he wanted to talk. He wanted to talk about what happened to him on 29 Neilbolt Street, he wanted to talk about the things he saw day and night and he wanted to talk about how Richie's hands on him felt so right and made his stomach flip.

"What was so funny?" Eddie asked, wiping his cheeks and looked between the two.

Bill and Richie looked at each other before bursting out into laughter again, this time Eddie joining in.

2. Chapter 2

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 0px auto 1.286em; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"So I know I said this was gonna be a two shot, but I wanted to have a consistent word count and this chapter was originally waaaaay longer than the first so I split it in two. Here's chapter two and I'll see ya at the end!/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto 0px; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"PS: I'm also a dumb idiot who completely forgot about Bill's stutter in the first chapter. My bad!/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto 0px; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"x/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto 0px; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"X/p

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"So what do you-"/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family:

'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"In between her knees, Eds. In between her knees, is the most powerful weapon on the planet."/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"J-jeez Ruh-Ruh-Rich." Bill said, shaking his head with a smile./p

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"One step at a time, Eds." Richie started, ignoring the glare Eddie gave him. "So you put your pecker inside her, between her legs and it's like the perfect puzzle piece. Then you move in and out until she comes."/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"Comes?"/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"When it feels really, really good. She'll be moaning like crazy and

start to squeeze around you."/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"Eddie made a face. "Squeeze?"/p

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/"You ever touch yourself, Eds?" Richie asked causally, pushing up his glasses. Eddie felt his face flush and suddenly remembered that it wasn't just the two of them. He looked over at Bill who was staring off into space, brooding. Maybe thinking of having this exact conversation with George. Eddie shuddered, not wanting to think about a dead boy and masturbating in the same train of thought. He looked back to Richie, whose blue eyes had a certain gleam to them that made his stomach flip again. Richie rose his eyebrows expectantly./p

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/"Come on Eddie. We all do it. Me, Bill, Stan, Haystack. Maybe even Bev." Richie finished with a smirk and neither noticed Bill shift a little at the thought./p

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/"Yeah... a couple of times, but I'm always too scared that my mom will walk in. She doesn't let me lock my door, y'know." Eddie confessed, looking down at the grass beneath him./p

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1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"Well you can always at my place, Eds. It's a need y'know. If you don't use it, you'll lose it." Richie warned and Bill snorted./p

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"Are you gonna stop and find out?" Richie asked, turning to Bill who answered with a smirk./p

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p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"Depends. I guess if you can make her come at least twice." Richie replied casually./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"How do you know all this Rich?" /p

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Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /

"Playboys. And my uncle." he said, laying down onto his back./p

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"But your u-ncle's kwuh-kwuh-eer." Bill spoke up./p

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"He wasn't always. My dad said that girls threw themselves at him when they were younger."/p

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"D-damn. All the guh-irls you could you want and you chuh-chuh-oose guys." Bill said, shaking his head while staring at the ground./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /

"You've got a queer uncle? I didn't know that." Eddie said, looking down at Richie./p

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"Well it ain't exactly something to brag about Eds. The wrong peoples find out and I end up in the hospital right next to ya, capiche?" he re replied doing an Italian mobster voice, eyes closed./p

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Eddie pushed away the unpleasant feeling of not knowing something Bill did and was grateful that both boys were distracted so they couldn't see his cheeks flush at the invading thought./p

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span style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-weight: inherit; font-style: oblique; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: inherit; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 0px; padding: 0px;"How does that work with two guys? Should he ask Rich? I mean, I'll just sound curious. We were already talking about it. Maybe he'll want to talk about it? Does Bill know?/span/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /
/"How does that work Rich? Two guys?" Eddie asked tentatively. Eddie's heart started to beat faster when Richie opened one eye and sat up slightly./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /
/"Why do you want to know Eds?" Richie asked, voice a pleasant curious with a hint of something else that made Eddie flush harder./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /
/"Just... I don't know. Just curious is all." Eddie spoke softly, desperately wanting Richie's eyes off of him./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /
Richie smirked at Eddie's avoidance of his gaze only for his smirk to fall when he felt his own cheeks flush and stomach flip. Richie then cleared his throat and laid back down on the grass, staring up at the clear blue sky. Trying to calm his racing mind and heart./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /

1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"Your mom still check your temperature everyday Eddie?" Richie asked./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"At seven am on the dot." Eddie replied and Bill let out a breathy chuckle./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"br /"Has she ever... put the thermometer anywhere else?" Richie asked carefully, causing Bill to double over with laughter./p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"x/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"X/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"x/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;"span style="font-family: 'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 15.12px;"So yeah I never understood the need to check someone's temperature THAT way, but hey it was the 50s. So yeah this is the second to last chapter and I'm really eager to post the next one (slightly angsty) and probably my favorite chapter! I'll try control myself from posting it too soon (sorry!). Anyway I hope you guys liked this chapter and I'll see you soon with the final chapter./span/p

p style="border: 0px; outline: 0px; font-size: 15.12px; font-family:

'Lucida Grande', 'Lucida Sans Unicode', 'GNU Unifont', Verdana, Helvetica, sans-serif; vertical-align: baseline; list-style: none; margin: 1.286em auto; padding: 0px; line-height: 1.5; color: #2a2a2a;" /p

3. Chapter 3

A/N: So here it is! The much anticipated (or at least I hope so) final chapter. I really really like this chapter and I hope you all do too! Warning it's a little lengthy (funny how I tried to make the word count consistent with the other chapters and this one ends up having a 2000 + word count). Anyway onto the chapter!

"I... I'm dying." Eddie panted, half hanging onto Richie as they slowly made their way down the street.

"You cried wolf too many times huh? Well I'm right there with you." Richie replied, just as out of breath.

It was an unusually hot late May day in Derry, Maine. It had been a pleasant temperature in the morning, but during the school day the temperature had skyrocketed. The two boys tried their hardest to bike steadily, the only thought keeping them going was the safe haven that was Richie's house.

"This...is...bullshit." Richie breathed hard, slowly pedaling.

"Why...is...your house...so far...away?" Eddie complained, wiping his sweaty forehead with the long sleeve of his shirt.

"Yours...is...farther...asshole."

The two pedaled continued as the sun beat down on them unforgivingly and finally they turned the corner and saw Richie's house eight houses down. The two put in all their energy and leaning forward, pedaling faster than ever as the house got closer and closer. They wasted no time climbing off their bikes, discarding them onto the front lawn and practically collapsed inside. The two in unison sighed in content as the fan's breeze caressed their sweaty faces. Richie shrugged off his backpack and made his way to the kitchen while Eddie walked to the living room.

"You want something to drink Eds?" Eddie was too tired to correct Richie as he plopped down on the couch.

"Just some water. I probably sweated out all the water in my body." Eddie yelled out, taking a hit of his inhaler.

"You alright?" Richie asked, walking up to Eddie with a glass of water in one hand and a can of Dr. Pepper in other.

"It's just the heat. You mind if I stay here until it cools down a bit?" Eddie asked as he took the water from Richie's outstretched hand.

"Sure. I don't need your mom screaming at me if something happened to you on the way." Richie quipped and Eddie snorted.

Eddie's breathing was getting easier until Richie placed the can of soda onto his forehead. Richie moaned obscenely, glancing at Eddie with a smile that Eddie tried his best to reciprocate. Eddie tried to focus on anything but the way the water droplets slid down Richie's face, eyes closed in relaxation and mouth slightly agape. Richie then removed his glasses to keep the water from rusting the temples of his glasses.

"So what do you wanna do Eds?" Richie asked, eyes still closed. He opened his eyes to see Eddie staring at him with an unreadable expression.

"Eddie? You okay? Eddie?" Richie asked, sitting up and putting his glasses back on.

The Flash would've had a hard time seeing what happened next it was so fast. Blink too quickly and you missed it, but that didn't matter. They felt it. Richie closed his eyes instinctively as Eddie's face moved closer. He thought Eddie would hit him or something, but Richie's heart stopped at the brief yet gentle pressure of Eddie's lips on his. It was misaligned and clumsy, Eddie kissing more his cupid's bow than his actual lips. Richie opened his eyes to see Eddie staring at him in shock, seemingly in awe at his own action.

The silence seemed to stretch on for centuries, the two just gazing at each other. Several expressions swept across Richie's face. Shock to confusion and confusion to conflicted. There was however only one expression on Eddie Kaspbrack's face; fear. He could feel his heart beat in his ears and he was no longer hot as a nearly painful chill

went through his body. Eddie wanted nothing than to bolt out the door without looking back, much rather die in the heat like a worm on a sidewalk than here with Richie. Richie whose blue eyes were as wide as saucers and mouth agape even more. What he said was worse than any nightmare. Not really what he said, but how he said it.

"Eddie..." he breathed, so tenderly it made Eddie's palms sweaty. Eddie waited emotionally and physically on the edge of his seat. Richie wanted nothing more than to crack a joke. They'd laugh and laugh and go up to his room and read comics or something, but he knew that'd never happen. It was too late for that and for once Richie Tozier was speechless. The look on Eddie's face hurt him more than anything, the look of pure fear. At what exactly, Richie wasn't sure but he had a good idea.

Richie was scared for Eddie, he was already so small and fragile. He looked like he was going to collapse under his own pressure like a dying star. Richie was known for his trashmouth, his damn trashmouth always getting him in trouble and once again his trashmouth gets him in more trouble. However this was a lot worse than getting sent home with a detention slip.

"Maybe you should get home? Before your mom starts to worry." Richie says softly, the silence almost deafening somehow. Richie figured Eddie wanted to run for the hills so he gave him the opportunity.

Eddie gazed into Richie's blue eyes, practically shaking and begging for Richie to say something, anything. He wanted Richie to burst out into laughter, squeeze his cheeks and crack open his Dr. Pepper without another thought to what just happened. In a perfect world where queers weren't seen as horrendous monsters, he'd want Richie to kiss him softly on his forehead just below his hairline like his father had and they'd relax into the couch watching "The Price is Right". It wasn't a perfect world, far from it, and Richie's response made his stomach drop.

"Maybe you should get home? Before your mom starts to worry." Richie knew as soon as the words left his trashmouth that he fucked up. Eddie visible tension evaporated throughout his body, but an anvil sat atop his chest.

He nodded and peaked up at Richie. "Y-yeah I should go. I think I'm coming down with something anyway." Eddie said quietly, voice scratchy and Richie remembered he never drank his water.

"Eddie-" Richie started, but Eddie was already running for the hills. Clumsily knocking over his untouched glass of water, Eddie scooped up his backpack and was out the door faster than The Flash.

"Eddie!" Richie called out, dodging the bits of broken glass to chase after his friend. Eddie was beelining to bike, hot wind brushing against his face as he moved. He clenched his eyes shut, trying to block out Richie and trying to breath.

"Eddie! Eddie I didn't mean that! Eds!" Richie flinched at how fast Eddie spun, face to face with Eddie's red face and flaming green eyes.

"How many times have I told you to stop calling me that?! Are you as deaf as you are blind and stupid?!" Eddie screamed, eyes pinkening and desperately. Eddie's head was starting to hurt indescribably, trying to hold everything back. His tears, his thoughts, his desires, his pleas to make it stop. He was sick, sick to the core of heart and his brain and his soul. Eddie felt his stomach churn and was sure he was about to vomit.

"Eddie..." Richie said softly, taking a step forward and Eddie thrashed around violently.

"Don't come near me! I'm sick! I'm sick and if you come near me you'll get sick too! So stay away from me Richie! Just stay the fuck away from me!" Eddie cried, the sun beating down on him and his tear stained cheeks.

Eddie wanted nothing more than to shout at the sun and clouds and the hidden stars. He wanted nothing more than to fall to his knees and pray for forgiveness. For Richie to wrap an arm around his shoulder and tell him that he can get help.

"You're not sick Eddie." Richie said, voice almost pleading. He went to take another step when Eddie backed away.

"I need to go home." Eddie whispered, voice small and quivering. He

rolled his bike to the driveway and threw his leg over to straddle it. Eddie couldn't resist looking back at Richie, who he swears was crying but it was probably just sweat.

"Tell your mom I'm sorry about the glass." And with that, Eddie rode off down the street. Richie quickly brushed away the tears he didn't even realize had fallen and ran his fingers through his hair before walking back into his house.

Eddie did end up going to the hospital that day. His mom took one look at him and went into a frenzy. Eddie was red-eyed, dripping with sweat, staggering around and struggling to breathe despite two puffs of his inhaler. The doctor said that Eddie was incredibly close to suffering from a heat stroke, causing his mother to wail beside him with her vice grip on his hand.

The Losers all went to visit him the next day, much to his mother's dismay. They joked around but the Losers could sense that something was up. Richie would have joked about Eddie's mom, saying that she probably took him to the hospital because he didn't finish his carrots and say it in a Bugs Bunny voice or something, but no. Richie was dead silent and the rest of the Losers exchanged looks when Richie practically ran to Eddie's hospital room.

Eddie's eye widened at the sight of Richie bumping roughly into the doorway of his room. Richie composed himself and stood, shifting under the gaze of Eddie and his mother. Richie looked over at Eddie, slightly out of breath. He could feel the Losers come up behind him, but Richie didn't take his eyes off Eddie.

"Home away from home, huh Eds?"

Eddie broke out into a smile that made Richie's stomach flip and they all barked with laughter instead of Eddie's mother. They all stayed with Eddie while Eddie's mom reluctantly went to work, using up all her vacation days for previous and various hospital visits. Slowly the group trickled down one by one until it was just Bill and Richie. The nurse came in at 6:15 to tell the two that visiting hours were over at 7 but they should head home before curfew. Bill and Richie said their goodbyes to Eddie and left, Richie looking back at Eddie one

last time. Only for Eddie to not meet his gaze.

The sound of Bill and Richie's squeaking sneakers echoed off the linoleum as they made their way towards the exit when Richie stopped suddenly. "

Shit I left my jacket. You go ahead Big Bill. I'll catch up." Richie said and Bill nodded, the two going their separate ways.

Richie took a deep breath as he made his way back down the hall, heart racing as he drew closer and closer. He didn't know what he was doing, but he knew he needed to talk to Eddie. He tried to think of what to say but he couldn't think over his heartbeat. Richie stood in front the door and nervously pushed up his glasses.

Stop being retarded Richie. It's just Eds, little ol Eds.

Richie went to knock on the door when the door flew open. He let out an embarrassing yelp as the nurse's hand flew to her ample chest.

"Oh my goodness honey! You nearly scared me out of my skin." she said with a breathy chuckle and Richie forced a chuckle back.

"Sorry ma'am I just forgot something." Richie said, giving the nurse a weak smile.

"Well don't take too long! Wouldn't want you out past curfew." she said, maneuvering around Richie and walking away.

Richie's smile fell quickly and was quickly replaced with confliction.

I can't turn back now. He probably heard me.

Eddie did hear the exchange and felt his heart beat faster as his mind was going 1000 mph.

Wha- is that Richie? No. No no no no what does he want? Shit I...shit.

Eddie panicked and quickly, but quietly turned on his side so his back was to the door. He tried to relax and breath steadily, closing his eyes and hoping. Three knocks on the door, the squeal of the door hinges and then-

"Eddie?" Eddie let out a series of soft snores, praying Richie would leave him to sleep. Richie's sneakers squeaked as he walked into the room and Eddie shut his eyes tighter.

"Eddie you awake? Eds?" Richie whispered and Eddie fought to correct him, but then memories of yesterday flooded into his thoughts. Eddie could feel Richie approach his bed, standing behind him as the door softly clicked close.

Richie had no idea what he was doing. He knew he should leave, but something pulled him closer to the hospital bed. His breath caught in his throat as he was suddenly aware. Of the mortality of everything, of life, of himself, of his parents and of Eddie. When the others were with him, it was a good enough distraction. But now... but now. Seeing Eddie the most fragile he's ever seen, laying with his back to Richie and tons of wires connected him made Richie's eyes water.

"Damn Eds that didn't take long. Whatever they got you on, I'll take two." Richie joked, voice weak and vulnerable as Eddie.

Richie tilted his head to the ceiling, but the tears just went down to his temples. The only sound was of Eddie's soft snores and his steady heart monitor. *Beep, beep, beep, beep.*

"Why'd you do it Eds? Huh? I-I... just fuck Eddie. You shouldn't have done that, you can't just do that! We... I'm not a fag okay? Do you know what would happen if anyone found out? The guys, Bowers and his boys, my folks and for fuck's sake your mom?!" Eddie couldn't keep up the act forever and was silently shaking with silent sobs, but he was positive Richie was too preoccupied to notice.

Then Richie said it so quietly Eddie almost missed it.

"I liked it, alright Eds. I liked it, but that doesn't mean anything. What are we gonna hold hands? Walk each other home? Braid each other's hair?" Richie said, running a hand through his black hair. "We can't."

There was nothing but silence until Eddie heard Richie's shoes squeak, but they were sound wasn't getting fainter. In fact the opposite. His breathing stopped all together as he felt Riche circle his bed so he was face to face with Eddie.

Richie couldn't resist reaching out, softly brushing his fingertips to Eddie's cheek. He knew it was risky, but he felt drawn to Eddie. Richie flinched at the sight of Eddie opening his eyes, his gray now red and puffy eyes. Eddie stared up at him and Richie felt a longing sensation than to pull the boy into his arms, but he was frozen like a deer in headlights. Eddie just looked at him and Richie knew he'd heard everything. Richie opened his mouth to speak but Eddie was faster.

"I'm scared Richie." Eddie whispered, voice shaking as tears flowed heavily down his cheeks and onto Richie's fingers. Richie felt his own tears flow, but a thought made him smile cynically. He wiped away Eddie's tears and whispered.

"We can be scared together."

A/N: So if you've watched Black Mirror and seen the episode San Junipero, just know I was listening to the theme on repeat while writing this. So that is the end of the story. I wanted something cute, but realistic and sort of open ended. This story wasn't long enough or in depth enough for a sequel, but I'll totally base it on future Reddie (ship name?) fics and I'm super excited to see what I come up with next! I love you guys and thanks so much for giving this dingy little fic a chance!